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Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM



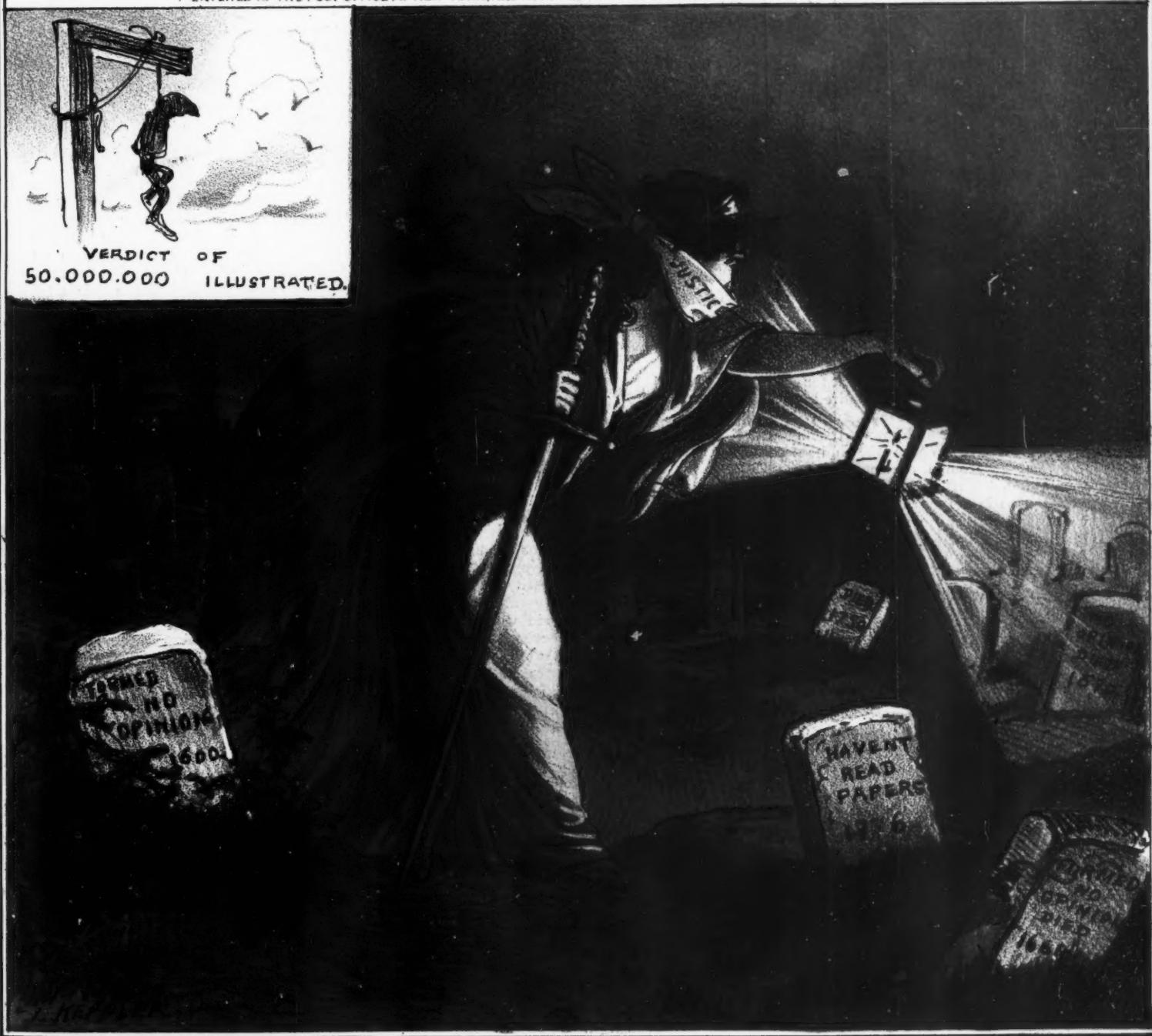
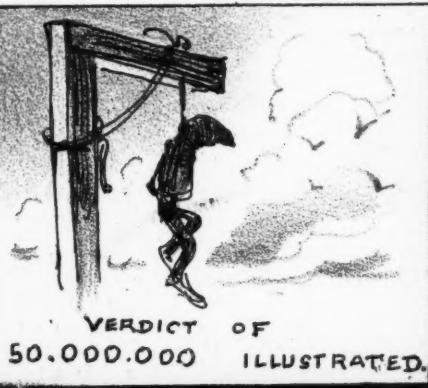
# SUCK

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Where Justice Will Have to Look for Jurors Who Have Not Formed an Opinion in the Guiteau Case.

## PUCK.

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BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

## FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 127.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE Irish have talked more and done less than any people on the face of the earth. For centuries they have bragged to the whole world of their courage, their wit, their cleverness, their good-nature. At the present day, what do we find them? A discontented, idle, debt-disowning lot. Discontented with the government that protects them, that makes them every concession within its power, that treats them with a forbearance unexampled in the records of politics. Idle—for with thousands of hands strong for the work of the anvil, the plough and the loom, their broad land has neither commercial nor agricultural importance, save for a few cities where English capital and English custom have built up a trade. Dishonest, because, when a famine comes upon them, they make it an excuse for not paying the money they owe.

\* \* \*

When we say disloyal, we mean to use the word in its fullest and fairest meaning. Ireland lives only through England's pride and courage and military skill. If England had not fought for herself and for her own on a hundred battle-fields, Ireland would be the helpless dependency of some continental power. Irishmen to-day talk of tyranny. What is the equitable, even indulgent government of England to the despotism which Austria or Russia have exercised over the nations they have conquered? Let the disaffected Irishman ask this question in Lombardy or in Poland. Ireland belongs to England. The Irish have no more right to ask for recognition as an independent nation than our Indians have to set up a government for themselves on the lands that are our property. The memory of History runs not to the time when Ireland had a government sufficiently strong or sufficiently stable to make her respected among the nations of the earth. When the Irishman talks of his lost freedom he recalls only the system of slavery under the reign of barbarian kings. The country was conquered, and finally conquered, centuries ago, as Scotland and Wales were conquered. It could not be otherwise. This little hand's breadth of sea-girt land could not hold three kingdoms. Scotland and Wales long ago accepted the situation, made the best of it, and joined their forces with the greater force to make as strong a country as the world has ever known.

\* \* \*

Only Ireland, in its unproductive idleness, stood apart and waged a mean, cowardly and childish war against the great nation that, in conquering a wild land, made its people partners in its own greatness and glory. Ireland would not work with the rest; she would only beg, (for to beg she was not ashamed,) and bite the hand that gave. Since the time that she

found a master, she has sat apart from other peoples, wrapping herself in the mantle of her poverty, accepting every gift and cursing the giver. She has contributed nothing to the national prosperity. If she has not benefited by it, it has been because she would not stretch out her hand. She has posed before the world as a picturesque martyr. She has done nothing, and she has asked everything. And, be it noted, the idleness of Ireland is no question of disaffection or discouragement. Irishmen have rarely done any work, even in this free country, to improve their social condition. We have found them useful in building railroads, in digging canals and laying sewer-pipes. Whenever they have risen above this level, it has been only to maladminister the government of some hapless town or city that had fallen into their clutches. They are too lazy, too lacking in pluck even to fight. A handful of friendless, helpless, hopeless Cubans waged for years a war against Spain which should have enlisted all the nations of the earth in their cause. But the Irishman hides behind a fence and shoots his landlord in the back. That is his idea of courageous warfare.

\* \* \*

But, the Irishman tells us, he is a good fighter—he fights fairly, on the open battle-field. Well, suppose he does? Who does n't? Where is there among civilized races, one that is cowardly? They will all fight. Americans, English, French, Germans, Spanish, Italians, Russians—all will fight. The Greeks fought for their independence. So did the Poles. So did the Hungarians. So do our own Indians, for that matter. All the world over, men drawn up in line of battle will fight, be their cry "Hail Columbia!" "Vive la France!" or "Faugh a ballagh!" But the great nation is the nation that is brave in peace. Here are our own Southern people, writhing yet under the sting of a defeat nearer and bitterer than Ireland has known in hundreds of years. They are uneasy still under the new order of things; they remember dead friends, ruined homes, crushed ambitions. There are those among them who still carry on the old war in a petty way. But look how the vast majority of them have given in their adherence to the new order of things. If to-morrow a war breaks out between this country and any foreign power, there will be no more prompt, no braver volunteers than the South will supply.

\*

What should we have said or done had the unreconstructed Southerners met in convention, ten or fifteen years ago, and unanimously resolved not to pay their bills until we gave them independence? We think we can answer the question. We should have said very little, and we should have clapped every recalcitrant debtor into jail, just as we should if he had attempted to defy the law north of Mason and Dixon's line, and we should have settled the whole business in a very short time. That is the duty that now lies before the English government. What they are doing now ought to have been done two years ago. If a man will not pay his rent, he should be punished as he would be punished for any other sort of dishonesty. If any man encourages another in breaking the law, he also should be punished. If the country is in such a state of pecuniary distress that the people are absolutely without money, they should be supplied with enough, out of the national treasury, to tide them over until better times come again. This "Land-Bill" nonsense of fixing what a man shall charge for his own property is bad law and bad policy—and infamous injustice, too. This refusal to pay rent is sheer dishonesty, and nothing else. No necessity excuses it. The Irish go into the trouble they are getting up with as bad a cause as men ever fought for.

What thoroughly disgusts us in this business is to see the way that many newspapers in this country have treated this question—with one eye open to the light of common-sense, and the other eye on the Irish vote. Of course, the *Star* is always ready to howl with any Sixth-Ward Pat at the "Queen in the Tower of London." But we did not expect to see the *Sun* in this bad company, indulging in demagogic editorials and poems, about "Ireland's Woes" and "The Iron Heel of Repression." The *Sun* ought to have too much dignity, if not too much sense, for this. And the *Sun*, that has been wailing for years: "Reduce the army to ten thousand men!" will sing a very small and feeble song if ever this government is induced by bad counsels and false representations of popular feeling to commit some breach of neutrality, and the British government sends a little diplomatic note to inquire the reason thereof. The *Sun* is doing no better than did those unworthy English journals that, twenty years ago, gave aid and comfort to our own rebels. It is, however, a pleasing reflection that our new President has shown no sort of sympathy with this idiocy. President Arthur, we think, understands that the men of this country look upon the English as the people who are, when all is said and done, the nearest and dearest, the cleanest-handed and truest-hearted, that America will ever know.

\* \* \*

"Kick him again—he ain't got no friends!" was the old cry of the Bowery blackguards. It is very agreeable to note the way in which the people of the United States are trying to refrain from kicking Guiteau, simply because he has no friends. Nobody can deny that he deserves to be kicked; nobody can deny that the public is very anxious to kick him. Yet we note on all sides a most quixotic desire to see that the murderer of President Garfield has a fair trial. This is all very creditable to us, considering that we are a hot-blooded and semi-civilized lot, much given to lynch-law and personal vengeance. But we fear that there is a vast deal of punctilious justice wasted in this matter. Guiteau will never get a fair trial, in the strict legal sense of the word, if he is tried by a jury of living Americans. The graveyard, it is possible, may furnish a quota of unbiased jurors; men who have formed no opinion. But we do not think the culprit's chances will be improved thereby. If Justice searches through the cemeteries with a lantern, and routs up the men of 1776, she will put in the jury-box representatives of a nation that cared very little for pleas of insanity, and generally dealt out to the murderer his exact due.

\* \* \*

If a man with a \$1,500 government clerkship pay half one month's income for a political assessment, what shall it profit him if he gain the rest, and the grocer levy thereon, leaving the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker unpaid? This abominable system of party assessments is not only an indecent piece of dishonesty, but a positive cruelty. It falls as the heaviest burden upon the men who have little or nothing to do with politics—the respectable, hard-working employees of the custom-house, for instance. This is one of the disgraceful abuses of which our politics might have been cleared, had Garfield lived. President Arthur can make a fine, manly speech, and turn a graceful compliment to a friendly power. Can he do nothing to protect the helpless servants of the government, and remove from our political system a burning reproach? No clerk pays an assessment except to prevent his removal from office. It rests with President Arthur to say whether or no the scoundrels who make assessments shall have the power to remove their poor victims.

## THE NEW CODE.

It pains us to see that efforts are still made to win the fiery Southern heart from its deep-seated love of the Code Duello. This is a positive cruelty; a barbaric piece of persecution. Tear from the mother's arms her innocent babe; snatch the flowing bumper from the thirsty toper; take from the Englishman his helmet hat and his bath-tub; but spare to the chivalrous Southron his little duel.

If nobody else in this broad land of freedom is willing to arise and speak a word in behalf of the favorite indulgence of our Southern brothers, we ask the floor.

With a voice filled with an emotion for which cold type can give no adequate equivalent, we demand of an intelligent populace: What earthly objection is there to the fascinating sport of the duello? As practised in the South, it is cheap, it is satisfying for the money; it does not interfere with business, and we challenge any one to find a more healthful or innocent pastime.

Horse-riding and bicycling may break heads and legs; lawn-tennis necessitates an unhealthy exposure to the sun; croquet is the cause of bitter and long-lasting animosities. Has the simple and unobtrusive sport of duelling any of these disadvantages?

Two refined and high-toned gentlemen make up a party, including a member of the medical profession. They seek, in the calm and tender twilight of early morning, some placid sylvan retreat. They produce a couple of pistols—pistols with the locks off, or with the barrels missing; pistols without caps, or loaded with blank cartridges; and then, facing each other, they pop merrily away at surrounding objects of natural scenery, until the demands of honor are declared satisfied. Then they shake hands, seek out the nearest hostelry, and, pooling their issues, order such liquid aids to amicable joviality as their resources permit, and return to their homes in time for dinner.

Is not this indeed a simple and Arcadian joy, well suited to men of cultured tastes? The exposure, in the open air, is eminently healthful; the cheerful rustic scenes must exert a soothing and elevating influence on all concerned; and the participant's are kept from that mischief to which we are told idle hands are prone.

There is absolutely no danger attendant upon the sport; and the expense is trifling. We know of one county in South Carolina, well known the world over for its population of fiery duelists, where all the requisites for a first-class duel, with a party of five, can be had for \$2.75, according to the following schedule:

Hack-hire, (2 buck-wagons),	\$1.00
Whiskey, (1 gallon),	1.00
Hire of duelling-pistols, (in use since 1813—warranted not to go off),	.50
Powder, (1 lb.,)	.25
	\$2.75

No bullets are needed; and the surgeon in attendance, if he has not a case of instruments, may borrow an empty cigar-box from the gentleman that fits out the party, and who is also the local saloon-keeper.

When we think of the benefits that social life in the South has derived from the popularity of the system of duelling, we are filled with astonishment that there should exist men hardened and short-sighted enough to propose its abolition.

The wife who sees her husband leave her side in the early morning can say to herself with a thankful heart: "He is not gone to loaf upon the street corners, or to wander about the busy marts of trade, where he is exposed to countless dangers, and may at any time be run over by a dray or knocked down by a hand-cart. He has gone off, with a party of congenial friends,

to occupy himself in a harmless and amusing duel. He will return to me at evening with a chest swelling with pride and a good appetite for his dinner. What a blessing it is that I may go about my day's work with the assurance that this precious life will be spared to me!"

We are speaking only of the duel as it is known in the South, in France and in German colleges. Among army-officers in Germany and Italy, we understand that the pastime is dangerous, and frequently occasions loss of life. But it is a pleasant reflection that nothing of this sort can ever happen in our enlightened country.

For proof of this assertion, we may confidently refer to Messrs. Beirne and Riddleberger, who have recently won a national fame as the champion duelists of the South. One of these gentlemen fought two duels, the other day, within the space of six hours. In one affair, safety was secured by forgetting the caps for the duelling-pistols. In the other, matters were differently arranged; and the combatants had the pleasure of firing real powder for fully a quarter of an hour. The method by which this delightful result was attained is so ingenious, and withal so novel, that we feel constrained to make our readers acquainted with this most charming variation of this charming game.

A couple of little typographical diagrams are necessary to the complete explanation of the scheme; but they are clear and plain, and will be easily understood.

The combatants should be placed face to face, at a distance of thirty paces. If either party is of a timid disposition, the space may be increased to three hundred paces; but this is quite unnecessary. The following sketch represents the position of the contestants:



The seconds are supposed to be behind trees in the more or less immediate neighborhood. At the word of command: "Wheel!" the players turn, each upon his right heel (this should be carefully practised beforehand), and at the second order: "Fire!" given when both are standing back to back, thus:



they discharge their pistols, taking care to aim high in the air, for fear of sprinkling loose powder in the faces of the seconds. This process may be repeated with perfect safety until the powder gives out. A half-dollar's expenditure will provide a day's recreation.

And this is the wholesome sport that Northern barbarism would fain decry!

We sincerely hope that our remarks will not be wasted. We shall have failed, indeed, if we have not made clear to all unprejudiced readers the innocuous cheerfulness of the Southern duels.

SAID she to George: "Why do you say  
You cannot fathom my two eyes?"  
Said George to her: "My darling May,  
Because your two eyes are too wise."

THERE will be lots of "hewers of wood" now; but very few "drawers of water." They'll generally draw whiskey.

The jay bird  
Is a gay bird  
As he floats along the sky,  
The wood dove  
Is a good dove  
When he lingers in the pie.

## Turkeyings.

INSTEAD OF the ashes coming to the barrel, it will soon be the barrel coming to ashes.

AT THIS time of the year the soul of the rheumatic is filled with tender red underclothing fantasies.

VENNOR PREDICTS for America an open Winter; but no friend to humanity predicts a closed mouth for Vennor for this century.

CADET WHITTAKER now appears as a concert manager. We were aware that he had an ear, but we did not know that it was musical.

THE ONLY thing that a lady dislikes about a postal-card is that it is hardly large enough to allow her to show what she can do in the matter of postscripts.

IF MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., is sincere in his desire to raise funds for the Irish Land League, we fear he can only carry out his purpose by becoming a plumber or Niagara huck-man.

MR. THURBER, the anti-monopoly grocer, claims to have pocketed the Tammany chief. If true, let him prove it by giving every customer who buys a pound of coffee a chromo of John Kelly.

WHAT WE want to know is when the non-Nihilistic population of Russia are to be tried by the Nihilists? As things go now, there can't be more than half-a-dozen persons in the empire who are not Nihilists.

MRS. VICTORIA has spent but twelve days of her reign in Ireland. In this respect the old lady shows some sense. Twelve minutes to stay there would be more than sufficient for any person outside of a Land Leaguer.

A FEMALE lawyer, a "shyster," Said: "the world's my ister;  
She "collared a fee"  
Which belonged not to she:  
Now to the "jug" they've entyster.

IF THE MEMBERS of the Lorrillard tobacco-peddler's supply-shop firm in Jersey City devoted half as much time and money to the treatment and training of their work-girls as they do to their race-horses, they might get less advertising, but more public sympathy.

AT ONE time we said we had no use for Mr. Parnell. We retract. He is going to give up fox-hunting. Let him come here and make our reckless, rollicking, high-spirited young bloods of our ancient and noble families do likewise. If he succeeds, Mr. Parnell will not have lived in vain.

"IT'S A BAD day for ould Oireland, begorra!" said Mr. Parnell, M.P., as he paced his contracted and unbricabraduced dungeon in the remotest sub-cell of the Hôtel de Kilmainham: "bad luck to the Yankees, the bastely traitors; they've been afther saluting the flag of the murtherin British Sassenach at Yoortown."

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH and Member-of-Parliament John Mowbray, of England, are of the opinion that the kindest of feelings for England exist among Americans. We warn these gentlemen that these pleasant relations are likely to be imperiled if England sends us over any more solitaire-stud young men with single-barreled eye-glasses "in their ocular," and the ponderous and dreary *Saturday Review* will persist in talking of the "State of Chicago."

## TO A COUSIN IN AMBER.

Here, Goldtop, let me say,  
Unto your dying day,  
I trust that Fate may smile upon your wishes;  
That you'll have a wealthy Hub,  
And you'll never have to scrub  
The everlasting gravy off the dishes.  
That only fun you'll woo,  
And nothing have to do  
But gambol down Sixth Avenue a-shopping;  
That the awful monthly bills  
For the laces and the frills  
Won't set your lord with indignation hopping.  
I trust you'll only dream  
Of pleasure and ice-cream  
In a flower-curtained villa, never glummer  
Than the bees that round you hum—  
Then your festive coz will come  
And sponge on you three-quarters of the summer

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## INSANITY AND BASE-BALL.

The base-ball season has at last drawn to a close; the hotly contested games on the diamond-field have been played; the prizes have been awarded; the split fingers set, and broken skulls riveted together. The clubs have nearly all disbanded, and now the managers are attending to the cold-blooded business of their respective nines.

Among the various organizations, none made a much more brilliant record than the Shinnanegans, of Hohokus. This red-stocked team, known as the left handed giants, traveled from one end of the country to the other, and made many a rival nine lower its standard in the Shinnanegan's, honor.

At the regular meeting of the directors and managers of this club last week in their new and elegant Queen Anne chamber, on Shimmere-dougal Street, the President, after a brilliant speech on the effective work of the team, stated it was his painful duty to move the charge of "throwing" a game against their left-fielder, L. Duncan Jones.

He stated that up to that game the club had what is technically known as a clean record, and that L. Duncan Jones purposely dropped a ball, and, in fielding it home, intentionally threw it over the catcher's head, when the bases were covered, and allowed three men to get in. This ignoble and dishonest and unpardonable surreption on the part of L. Duncan Jones had given the game to the opposing club, and taken from the treasury a very considerable number of the dollars of our dads.

He stated that when they induced the said L. Duncan Jones to leave Harvard, where he was studying for the ministry, he believed they had a man in whom they could place implicit trust and confidence; but that he had been mistaken, and he moved that he be expelled from the Shinnanegan Base Ball Club, of Hohokus, and suspended from the roll of the United Co-operative League in and for the State of New Jersey. (Hear, hear!)

He also added that the said L. Duncan Jones would, upon the proof of his innocence, be reinstated with great honor and ostentation, and a good raise of salary.

Then the President sat down, wiped a lot of perspiration from his dome, and ordered a round of beer. This put all hands in a good, jolly humor, and a low-salaried right-fielder attempted to get off a string of 1845 jokes used by General Taylor during the Mexican war, but he was sat down upon and tol' to keep still.

Then Mr. L. Duncan Jones was asked to plead. He yelled:

"Not guilty."

At this moment L. Duncan Jones's lawyer, a red-faced man, with ears like pond-lilies and a nose like a terrapin's, arose and stated that his client was subject to fits of temporary insanity, and that since the time of the game that brought his honor within the pale of criticism, he had been threatened by all the ball-players and lovers of base-ball in the country. One man sent him a caricature of himself, with a cord around the neck; another person sent him a rope made into a hangman's knot; another lay behind a rose-bush, and, when he appeared at the window in full dress, lammed him on the shirt-front with a handful of Jersey's famous cardinal mud.

Some man, more daring than the rest, sneaked into his house and emptied half-a-bushel of hard crabs into his bed, while another, destitute of all feelings of love and Christian charity, mailed him a copy of Paul Hayne's Yorktown Celebration Ode.

This, thought Gangrene Thistleskin, the learned lawyer, was sufficient punishment for any man, and he believed it was a pure case of intimidation and scare, especially in the matter of the Yorktown Celebration Ode, the sending of which, in his estimation, was as unwarranted as it was brutal, unparalleled and unconstitutional.

The foregoing remarks, followed up and made musical by the delicious rhetoric of Mr. Gangrene Thistleskin, didn't appear to go down. There were loud groans of denunciation from all sides, one Bryan O'Grady hissing:

"He do sill games, so he do."

Then Mr. Gangrene Thistleskin, with beautiful serenity, said he could prove that the said L. Duncan Jones was subject to fits of temporary insanity.

"In the first place," began the learned counsel, as he put one hand in the breast of his coat, and with the other inserted half an ounce of fine-cut in his mouth: "the great grandmother of the defendant used to arise at 3 A. M. every day and go down to the kitchen to see if it was there."

"His father always started dressing himself in the morning by putting on his hat, and he was always drinking from the pump-spout. He had a cousin who always refused free passes to circuses and theatres."

"He had a sister who wrote letters to the papers saying she wrote 'Beautiful Snow.'

"Another cousin thought he was George Washington's son, and tried to get a railroad pass to the Yorktown Celebration, to take part.

"Another uncle of his wrote an essay in which he endeavored to prove that Man descended from the goat, which, in his paper, he called the supreme organism."

"All this," said the astute Gangrene Thistleskin, bringing his hand down like a thunder-clap on the cyclopedia, the prize awarded to the man with the best batting record: "goes to prove that L. Duncan Jones is entitled to respectful consideration when he claims he is insane."

Then the learned gentleman sat down, and the President said a decision in the case would be rendered at the next meeting. This was all recorded in the minutes, and the gathering broke up. In just two weeks, Mr. L. Duncan Jones will probably be ostracised head-foremost from that colossally unique organization known to fame as the Shinnanegan Base Ball Club, of Hohokus, New Jersey.

## AUTUMNAL.

'Tis now the wily husband woos  
The closet for his over-shoes,  
And little recks his loving wife,  
The partner of his joy and strife,  
Has swapped them off, with joyous heart,  
For a statue of N. Bonaparte.

## IN TWO ACTS.

## ACT I.

Over the dear old stile—  
Ah! she was sweet that night,  
Under a moonlit wile,  
White as her throat was white;  
Held by a charm of tone,  
Knowing 'twas late the while,  
Touching her lips with his own—  
Over the dear old stile.

## ACT II.

Under the queer old stile,  
Just previous a bit to the dog;  
Down in the dirt's dark defile,  
Outdoing the wigs of a "wog,"  
There goes a square yard of cloth—  
Great Goodness! he's stuck in the "sile"!—  
For the candle another scorched moth,  
Under the queer old stile. EDWARD WICK.

## THE LEAGUE MANIFESTO.

## FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:

The reign of the Saxon over our beloved country is at present at an end—that is, it will be when the last red-coat has been driven out of Ireland at the point of the shillelah, bedad. Pay no rint; pay no wages; pay no tailors; pay no washerwomen, if you are extravagant enough to have one. Get free tickets for the theatres, free tickets for the Turkish baths, and free porous-plasters from your druggist, be jabbers! Stand on your dignity, and be sons of the soil! Let the armies of England jump on you, but don't pay any rint! If they do jump on you, rise up in your might and show them that you mean it; but don't pay any rint! The man who pays rint is unworthy of the name of Irishman, though he be the descendant of Brian Boru himself.

Why should an Irishman payrnt? It is well enough for the murtherin' Sassenach, the barbarous Frenchman, and the rough and untutored American, but not for men through whose veins course the blood of kings, d' ye moind!

Rint is a relic of the dark ages, and ought to be treated as such. If a man pays rint, must he not suffer tortures in having to limit his whiskey drinking? Must he not suffer in being perhaps obliged to put up with two pecks of praties a day?

Fellow countrymen, we say once more that now is your time to show what you can do, and make England tremble like an aspen-leaf in her brogans! Shoot your landlords! Shoot your landlords' agents! Shoot your landlords' agents' families! Shoot everything but yourself; but pay no rint, and don't let anybody tread on the tail of your coat! We want freedom, we want liberty, we want whiskey, we want a national government, and we want free shillelahing! Let us, then, watch and wait, and wait and watch and hit a head wherever and whenever we see it; but pay no rint!

Rint made a famine wonst, therefore, no rins! If we are driven from our native sod, go where we will, let us pay no rint, and thus free old Ireland from ourselves and everything else, bedad, if we've got to stay in jail to do it!

PATRICK CRACKSKULLERY, M. P.

TIMOTHY M'CORKLE, J. P.

MICHAEL O'TODDY, N. G.

BRYAN M'SHOTTERY, L. L.

JEREMIAH M'SHINDY, D. L.

Kilmainham Jail, }  
Oct. 25th, 1881. }

THE Arabs are always in tents,  
And remind us of modern aesthetes—  
Both murdering English alike,  
And deemng it greatest of feats.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE.



FIRST APPEARANCE AT COURT OF THE HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO SPAIN.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXCV.

## IRISH TROUBLES.



Ya-as I see that Gladstone is having a gweat deal of bo-thah and twouble in Ireland, and some of the irwepessible noisy fellaws who have been making maw than an ordin-arwy amount of wum-pus have been impisioned.

I am sure it must be a most beastly baw faw the Bwitical Cabinet to have to wesort to such measures; but, 'pon my life, I don't see what else was to be done with such a cwanky and cantankerous nuisance as Parnell and his widiculous and barbaric followahs. The only wondah is that our government should have endurwed so much.

Wathah think I couldn't have stood it if I had been in the Bwitical Ministwy. I hope it won't be allowed to occur again; it is not agweable.

Naturally, all the fierwy and disloyal Irwischen in Ireland and this country are talking and pwinting an immense amount of nonsense about England's twaditional tyrwanny, and the aw wevence that the Irwischen people will ultimately inflict on Gweat Bwitain; but all these thrwarts are weally not worthy of serious considerwation.

A few maw landlords will have their bodies widdled with bullets; there will be an extwa supply of murderwous outwages, and then, when the miserwable peasantwy there and the Irwischen he-ah have no maw money to give to she leadahs of the wiots, the excitement will subside, until, a few ye-ahs hence, anothah man sufferwing fwom aberwation of intellect, perwhaps in a gweatah degwee than Mr. Parnell, will kick up a maw extensive wow.

A numbah of my fwends who have pwoperty in Ireland wite to me that they cannot collect their wents, and yet the object of the fellows who belong to the Land League is to induce tenants nevah to pay went.

I cahn't see, faw my own part, what differwence it makes if, with or without Land Leagahs, one doesn't get any aw weturn fwom one's pwoperty, especially since the wecent and, I must wemark, unjust Irwisch Land bill has been passed. I mean unjust to our set. I'm awfaid the welations existing between Mr. Gladstone and myself will, in fuchah, always be of a mos fwigid charwactah. I cannot aw forgive him.

By the way, I have a few hundred acres myself in Limerwick; but I have not, durwing the last five or six ye-ahs, attempted to look aftah my wents. It is a gweat deal too dangerous. I pwefer to let the fellaws on it live there, went fwee aw.

## THE WHEELMAN.

[OLDEN STYLE.]

The coach and cart I like nor loathe,  
Extremes are suited not for all;  
On steely car, unlike them both,  
I surest sit and fear no fall.  
This is my choice—for me, I feel  
No ride is like the quiet wheel.  
  
I grind no scissors, turn no mill,  
I bear no goods of any trade;  
I skim the plain, I climb the hill,  
But greatest cities I evade,  
And laugh at them in care and pain  
Who barter health for golden gain.  
  
Come up betimes, thou heavy wight  
That keep'st the lower ways of brick  
Rise now and walk the wires light  
While not too old to travel quick.  
Take to the saddle ere too late,  
True life goes with the rapid gait. J. G. D.

## FREE LUNCH.

"DRINK up your beer," said Gilkerson to a party of friends who were at a bar: "encase it in a living tomb before it is dead."

'Tis now the babbling brooklet works  
Its sad and dreamy tablet;  
'Tis now in graveyards leaflets fall  
On every mossy tablet;  
And soon the turkey-cock will get  
A sanguinary tablet.

RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS are no longer allowed to chronicle the movements of the Czar. It is sad to think that we may now never know when the inevitable glass-bombing has taken place.

A play-from-the-French young man,  
A carriage-at-ten young man,  
A soul-eyed, demoniac,  
Cocktail-and-cognac,  
Tra-la-la young man.

NOW DOTH the small boy make raids upon every orchard that is not fortified by a dog, and decide to join some Sunday-school, to be on deck for a Christmas present.

A four-cent-cigar young man,  
A ride-on-the-stage young man,  
An angular, serpentine,  
Drummer of turpentine,  
Free-lunch-all-day young man.

GERMANY has solved a problem for us. In that country more girls marry at 35 than at 19. Now we know why all girls of 35 remain 19 for so many years: they don't want husbands.

A sail-in-a-yacht young man,  
A dog-eared-collar young man,  
A jockey-club, nautical,  
Mother-in-law-tical  
Live-on-your-dad young man.

## EXTREME UTTERNESS.

He asked her, as onward they strolled  
In a path that was rustic and devious,  
If she noticed the beauty of scene;  
She replied: "It's pellucidly, utterly,  
Iridately, astrally previous!"

He asked her again, as they sat  
On the top of a lofty stone fence,  
How she liked the position of things;  
She answered: "It's peripatetically,  
Iridescently, spectrally immense!"

While sweetly like doves they did coo,  
He caught sight of her snug little shoe.  
She asked what he thought of its mieness,  
And he said: "It's consummately, awfully,  
Crystallinely, ostensibly, quite,  
Esthetically, stellarly *too!*"  
[And they both lit out!]

FLEDDER.

## AN OCTOBER IDYL.

October is about here; consequently it is only proper that the annual article upon it should be written before the month becomes trite and stale. October is a lovely sovereignty in yellow and red, as a general thing, although many a poet claims that it is reeking with sadness.

The poet always lies around in October, and sings songs about his dead love that did not seem to blossom much. Then, when he gets his love buried, and her grave covered with miscellaneous moss, and says that he is all alone and weary of life, and makes you imagine his reveries are located in the uncarpeted attic bed-room of a Berkshire farmhouse, from which he—the poet—looks out upon a haze-enveloped thicket, which agrees to look mournful to suit his fancy—then, if you happen to lack saline seasoning, you will sympathize with him and be charmed with the pensive spirit of his work.

If, however, you are posted in the trade of verse-building, you will understand at once that the man never was in love, that he never lived in the country, that the flowers he mentions he got out of a floricultural book, and, furthermore, that when he thought up the poem, he was not sad at all, but was in the very best of spirits, standing erect, with his hat on the back of his head, cleaning the edibles off a free-lunch counter.

The golden-rod is yellow, as usual, and is getting in its fine work in the fields and along the margin of the misty wood; beside the broken wall, where the hide of the garter-snake shows the prowess of the small boy, the sumach is burning brightly, and looks like a sort of cardinal apocalypse trying to get away with everything in the vicinity.

And the spavined teeter snipe  
Tries to work a tuneful pipe,  
And the turkey's getting nervous,  
And the pumpkin-pie is ripe.

A sort of amethyst garmenture is hanging around the wood, and lots of reverie may be worked out of it by a fair versifier, who has ripped ferns out of the rich, black earth to give to some girl. He may push that scene back ten years, as a sympathetic motor, and speak of meeting her, by accident, because that always takes better than saying they were introduced formally, on the sawdust of a butcher's shop. Then he might go on and say that she was confiding, and looked down on the ground coyly, like a frightened fawn, when he got down to business. And he might say that they sat on a fallen tree and watched the squirrels, that make such delicious pot pies; and then, while the brook beside them purled—it should always purr in a poem—he might state that he looked into her eyes, and told her lots of sentimental lies about her charms.

## THE ARCTIC-EXPEDITION CEMETERY.



JOY OF THE POLAR BEARS AT CONTEMPLATING THE FUTILITY OF ALL EFFORTS TO INVADE THEIR DOMAIN.

The first verse might go as follows:

Drops of gold the leaflet speckled,  
And, although the girl was freckled,  
I thought I'd try to scoop her in  
Because her dad was shekled.

Then he might say that if he had the same thing to do over again he would certainly win her, and on her money become utterly reckless in all kinds of enjoyment. This wouldn't be a bad way to put it:

Give me her and nothing more,  
Then I'd sit beside my door  
As serenely as Tecumseh  
At a small tobacco store.  
And I'd loaf all day and smoke,  
And at everybody joke,  
And the bull-dog through the pickets  
With a pitchfork gaily poke.

Now, while the young man wonders how he is going to raise the where-withal to get an overcoat, and if the old one will stand dyeing, and how many days he may consistently wear his straw-hat, while the death-watch is set on the gobbler, and the iceman begins to get blue, and the plumber begins to look up filled with rosy anticipation, and the small boy wishes he hadn't swapped off his skates for a base-ball during the dog-days, I think I'll draw this exquisite poetic gem to a close; I have had a fair shy at the subject, and I desire to leave enough for other men to clip at, as I am generous and noble, which I can't help. R. K. M.

## ADV.

The American dentists are the best in the world. An old Irish lady always took a little brandy against the aching of her single tooth; but, alas! the tooth fell out and so she had no further cause for indulging in her favorite beverage. But then, in her misery, a happy thought struck her, and forthwith she went to a dentist, who put two full sets of teeth in her mouth so closely resembling real ones that the old lady has as much toothache now as her heart and stomach desire. (This joke has been copyrighted, and its use in advertisements will be allowed to dentists on a monthly payment of \$2.00.)

## SEE WORCESTER.

A gentleman once called Desbrosses (Ancient)  
Went to market to purchase a gosses;  
When they sighted his horses  
They said: "It's Desbrosses," (Modern)  
And raised up their price like the dosses.

EX UNO OMNES.

A lively young maid of Kinshiu,  
Fell over a pot filled with gliu;  
She quickly arose,  
And viewed her spoilt hose  
With feelings exceedingly bliu.

A conceited young man of Auvergne,  
Conceived the idea to laulergne,  
At first it seemed new,  
But he soon tired grew,  
And did not for very much mauyergne.

A pretty young maiden of Theiss,  
Went skating and fell on the eiss.  
She struck her fair head,  
Got up very read,  
And exclaimed: "This don't seem quite so neiss!"

A lying young fellow of Basle,  
Told stories exceedingly tassel.  
The boys would him hear,  
Then they'd snear, lear, and jear,  
And shout: "Go and hire a hasle!"

A cute little boy of Cévennes,  
Who rejoiced in the nickname of Bennes,  
Asked his sister to play,  
When she said: "Not to-day."  
He responded: "Some other déthennes."

DICK E.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

A young man afflicted with phthisic,  
Said one should get well if he isththic:  
So he hunted around,  
And a doctor he found,  
Who gave him a dose of his phthisic.

## POLITICAL PROMOTION.



FROM THE FENCE TO A SOFTER SEAT.

## AMUSEMENTS.

A comedy called "The Professor" is, we believe, being played at the double-staged MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Leslie Main, who is a vocalist and elocutionist hailing from perfidious Albion, is to give two entertainments next week at CHICKERING HALL.

The only objection we have to the AMERICAN INSTITUTE is that Mr. Keely's motor is not on exhibition and in working order; otherwise it is a very good show.

Much as we dislike slang, we are constrained to remark that "The Strategists" has again "caught on" at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, and that Mr. J. B. Polk is the hero of the piece.

The Comley-Barton Opera Company is now at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and is doing much to improve the tone and character of the inhabitants of Brooklyn. "Madame Favart" was to be presented on Monday.

Miss Mary Anderson has been playing *Galatea*, the statue, in Chicago, and playing it, it appears, very successfully. Miss Anderson is better qualified to play a statue in Mr. Gilbert's piece than *Little Buttercup*, by the same author.

On Saturday evening "Royal Youth," a comedy in five acts, by Alexander Dumas, was to be produced at DALY'S THEATRE with a very strong cast. It shall receive due attention from us. We hope it will be a success, as it is described as being "new, elegant and picturesque."

Mr. W. Carleton now plays and sings the part of *Grosvenor*, in "Patience," at the STANDARD. It was only played before by Mr. Barton. There is nothing new about "Patience." That it is a brilliant success is an old story. Those who wish to see it must secure their seats weeks in advance. It is a veritable "Pinafore," without its numerosity.

The time that Robson makes you expire of laughing, and Crane causes one to die of cachinnation, although the morgue is still to be heard from, is duly noted in the programmes of HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, where these two gentlemen are disporting themselves before an admiring public. They opened in "Our Bachelors," and are this week showing their ability in "Twelfth Night."

The Mapleson Opera Company is at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, and has been indulging in the usual lack of variety, There is no Gerster, but there is Hauk. There is Campanini and there is Del Puente, and there is Arditi, all of whom are valuable in their way. "Faust," "Carmen," "Mig-

non," and "Lohengrin" have followed one another in rapid succession. To-night our ancient friend "Martha" is to be re-introduced, when Mlle. Brambilla is to make her first appearance.

Edwin Booth, supported by Miss Bella Pateman and Samuel Piercy, certainly cannot complain of want of patronage on the part of the public. If ever there were any doubt as to the estimation in which Mr. Booth is held, it must be entirely set at rest by the large houses that have greeted him. This does not prevent us from saying that, among other parts, he is at his best as *Richelieu*, and at his worst as *Macbeth*.

The peanut market is agitated because of the approach of the great dramatic event of the season, which is to come off at BOOTH'S THEATRE. Rossi, Ernesto Rossi, the super-eminent Italian tragedian, will succeed Mr. Edwin Booth, and will show the New York public how Shakspeare ought to be played, and is played, in the land of organ-grinders and maccaroni. Society is in a state of great excitement at the prospect, as well it may be. Boston has an exceedingly culchawed population, and honored Rossi accordingly; but, as the centre of high art is in New York, the true appreciation of his genius will be here. Signor Rossi expresses his satisfaction at his reception in America. The royalty, nobility and gentry of Boston made a complete lion of him, and Longfellow challenged Wendell Phillips to a duel because of a dispute as to who should do him the most honor. The matter was ultimately settled at a private Land League meeting, by Rossi ultimately consenting to play *Othello* in his best style, in which play he is to appear before a New York public on Monday evening, October 31st.

The November number of the *North American Review* is eminently readable. Although there is a stupid article entitled "England's Hereditary Republic," signed by one Blandford, who is said to be a British Marquis by courtesy. Judge Black is completely routed, horse, foot and artillery, by Mr. J. B. Ingersoll, in a controversial religious article. Not that all that Mr. Ingersoll says is true; but he argues on logical principles, which Judge Black does not.

## IN PREPARATION:

## PUCK'S ANNUAL

## Answers for the Anxious.

We wish it distinctly understood that we have definitely, positively and finally closed the door of this office on "See Worcester" rhymes. They have already broken the bottom out of two wastebaskets, and stretched our post-office box so that the government is charging us double rent, and we have nearly half a ton at present in type. Until this stock is used up we shall cremate all new contributions of this kind that may come in. After that, we shall cremate the authors.

ED. PUCK.

C. C., W. U. T. Co., Broadway.—All right.

POD, McKeesport, Pa.—The merry jest is old.

HASELTINE.—Tell her the "End of New York" is at hand—in FICTION.

LILLIE PADDE.—Your forte is not humorous poetry. We don't know exactly what your fortey is; it may be pies, and it may be the education of the young; but in the most delicate and refined and diplomatic way we wish to intimate to you that it isn't poetry.

B. A. H.—This is the only place where we can make room for your touching idyll. We print it, and leave you alone with your crime and an outraged public:

A maiden went into the water  
To bathe; but her mama she sater,  
And after some effort she cater,  
And back to the sea-beach she brater,  
Like a lamb led away to the slater.  
She told her she always had thater  
An obedient, dutiful dater,  
And if she had done as she'd tater,  
She'd have staid on the shore; and she'd ater  
Resist her desire for the water.

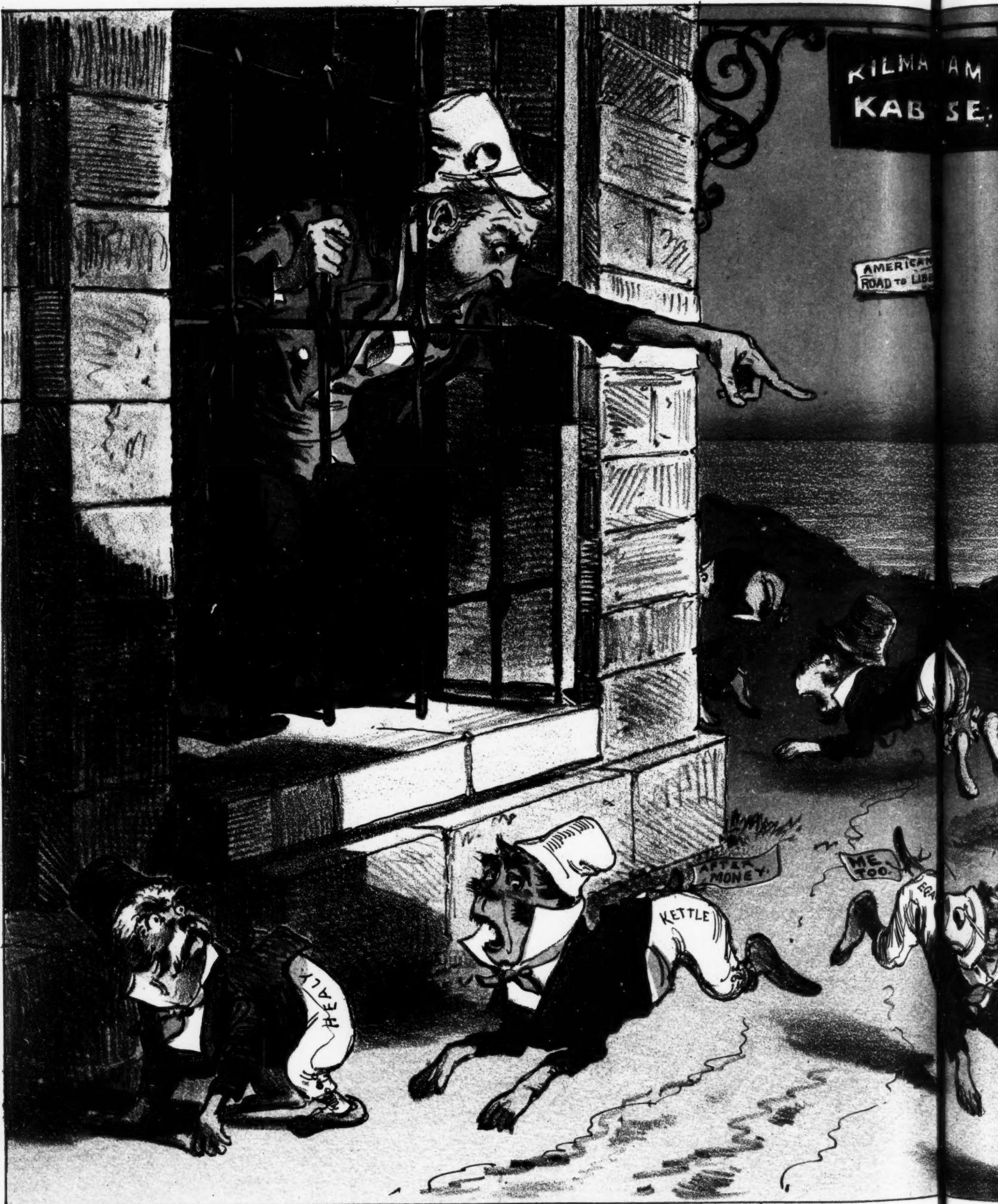
SYDNEY SUTHERLAND.—The subject is too serious for us. So is the treatment. We don't blame you for the style in which you have handled your theme; the idea called for it. Love's first kiss is a serious and solemn matter. It always wakes pensive emotions in a young man's breast—regrets that he didn't begin the business earlier. After that, it sometimes happens that the young man's breast is infested with vague regrets that he didn't begin it later. But the whole scheme is too tenderly melancholy for PUCK. Try something about a goat.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, who, we understand are the publishers of a popular comic weekly illustrated with colored cartoons, have favored us with advance-sheets of No. 10 of their new publication, FICTION, containing a story called "The End of New York," by Bentley Parker. It is certainly one of the most startling and extraordinary compositions that we have ever had the pleasure of examining. If it were proper to joke on such a subject, we might remark that it produces much the same effect on the reader as the explosion of a small can of nitro-glycerine might under his vertebral column. But as the theme is a little too serious for comments of this sort, we shall merely remark that the story is, as the publishers' announcement says, "of vital interest to every man and woman in the city"—or elsewhere, we may add.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have published Mr. J. Brander Matthews's new book, "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century." This is very much to the credit of Charles Scribner's Sons; for the book is the first that has yet been written on this subject, and the best that will be written, probably, for a good many years to come. Every young man who has ever had to satisfy a young lady's craving for two seats in the orchestra and a supper thereafter, has a bowing acquaintance with Victor Hugo and Dumas and Sardou, having seen their names affixed to playbills of "The Fool's Revenge," "Camille" and "Diplomacy." Mr. Matthews's book introduces him to a pleasing familiarity with these gentlemen, and opens up to them a new literature. To the great American dramatist the work offers every opportunity of extending his sources of original inspiration, and to everybody else it will prove a charming and instructive volume.

PUB.



"SIC 'EM!"

Mr. Parnell in his Great Feat of Loosening



COM!"  
Feat  
ng Loose the Dogs of War.

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

A cut-away-coat young man,  
A very sore-throat young man,  
A smoke cigarrett-ery,  
Get into debt-ery,  
Two for a cent, young man. F. A. S.

There was a young man in Wayne,  
Who several glasses did drayne;  
But the size of his head,  
Kept him next day in bed,  
And he never will do so agayne.  
R. E. MORSE.

There was a young lady named Laura,  
Who had a sweet sister called Daura,  
Both charming young girls,  
With beautiful curls,  
But the cake it was collared by Caura.

I had a strange pet—'twas an owl—  
Which I used to keep clean with a towl,  
He was wise and read lore,  
And, indeed, on that score,  
Was quite bright, and liked W. D. Howl(s).  
O. A. G.

A young Christian widow, a housewife,  
Is pleased at whatever she dousewife;  
She has her own way,  
So last week, one day,  
She married a Musselman, Yousewife.  
DALE.

There was a young fellow in Brittany,  
Who faked up a humorous litany,  
Which he'd take from the shelf,  
And peruse by himself,  
Till with laughter he'd roll on the dittany.

## A GALLOP GROWL.

YORKTOWN, 19th October, 1881.  
Mr. the Redactor:

With much of regret I myself would find culpable if I hesitated to show you the miseries infamously of the actual situation.

Arrived at New York by a steamer, all that there is of elegant, I myself find taken by the hand by persons all charged with hospitality, all gracious, but all at fact ignorant of the French tongue.

We assist at many expositions of ourselves in vehicle with resounding cries of the street-boys who exclaim themselves by such sounds: "Hai djonni!" "Chute thi hatte!" "Chize itte!" etc., etc.

On the road, the all-grand Hudson, the views are ravishing, but our well-wishing hosts fatigue us innocently. The phrase, "O louque thère!" and the repetition continual of "Ow du yeu laique itte?" made me to feel myself annoyed.

But pass ourselves to the question serious of Yorktown. By what means frightful, and of the most dilatory, we are arrived at this place detestable and fallen to semi-ruins, I say nothing, but of the life (which one assures me is dear) one permits me to speak incisively.

The right hand aches me to the elbow with constant embracing of those who present themselves to me in introduction. The handle of the pump has my sympathies sincere. The National Guard wounds gravely as a friend—what is it that he would not be as a foe, by blue?

For household manage we eat garbage, word of honor, garbage. Such coffee! Such kitchen! Such service! It scrapes the nerves to speak of the pie—that plate which empoisons the republic. The bread is hot, the soup to the contrary is cold.

The dormitories are unique. Credit me, never have I seen of such beds, and by a custom

## MAKING USE OF MALARIA.



WOULDN'T IT BE A GOOD IDEA TO TURN THE WHITE HOUSE INTO A HOTEL FOR THE OFFICE-SEEKERS, AND LET THEM UTILIZE THE WASTE MALARIA?

of the most savage in awakening oneself one brings me on the instant a "coqueté." By consequent I begin the day a little gray, and in verity, if I do not guard myself, I become fool before the evening.

One explains to me everything. Alas! too much of explanations, as these arrive to my ear in language foreign, rapid, without intelligence.

There are here of generals millions, of colonels and chiefs-of-battalion billions, of captains and governors myriads, of judges and doctors thousands, of sub-officers and misters none. The title deploys itself in the republic.

These all crush the hand, the poor already crushed hand which afflicts me.

I now arrest myself at cause of incessant blows of cannon.

Alas! my ancestors, if you prevised the unhappy condition of your son I interest myself to marvel if you would willingly assist the great Washington at Yorktown! Were your agonies of "coqueté," of coffee, of soup, of pie, of embracing introduced so gigantic as mine? I fear that not, or the anniversary of the Yorktown would be of the impossibilities.

It needs to explain that I translate by the dictionary. My idiom corrects itself in English by the immense lexicon of Webster.

Receive, Mr. the Redactor, the assurances the most profound of my consideration the most perfect.

CLAUDE LAFAYETTE WASHINGTON  
DE PERSONNE.

IT IS only the five-dollar silk umbrella, as slender as a lead-pencil, that is carried on a fine day.

A THIEF who grabbed a pocket-book from a female's hand last week, and had a fifteen-minute run for liberty, was considerably crestfallen when, on opening the purse on a wharf, he found it contained nothing but a ferry-ticket, a hair-pin, a list of novels read during the past month, and a recipe for making a new-fangled pancake.

It is always easy to detect conditions that bespeak the soothing influence of home. As soon as you enter you can tell a happy home by the old woman inserting a mock-orange in the heel of a blue Quaker sock, as well as by the children eating red blocks on the floor, and the young wife blowing up the servant-girl, and the young husband screaming his lungs sore in a wild and probably ineffectual apostrophe to domestic economy.

## MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

## No. XV.—We Mount Our Velocipede.

WHEN the velocipedes first came in vogue, one of my friends took me to a velocipede school, where, after many tumbles, I finally succeeded in managing properly a fiery, untamed, two-wheeled Bucephalus. Not a word did I say at home about these performances, for the reason that I had resolved that I would purchase one of those monstrosities, take it home, and astonish my women-folk by my skill in riding it. I did purchase one, which was carefully boxed up and sent to my house. When I reached my mansion in the evening, Mrs. Lot and Georgie were boiling over with curiosity; they were extremely anxious to know what the box contained. They probably would have explored the inside of the box, during the day, had they not feared that it was a new kind of infernal machine. I really had not succeeded in removing my overcoat, before they attacked me.

"What's in that box?" inquired Mrs. Lot.  
"What's in that box?" echoed Georgie.

"Suppose," said I: "that we adjourn to dinner now, and let the box take care of itself."

I was perfectly cool and collected about the matter, as you can perceive.

"Not a particle of dinner shall pass your lips until you tell us what is in that box," said the lady of my house.

"But the soup?" urged I.

"The soup may freeze to death," said Georgie.

"Very well, then," said I: "the box contains what is known as a fiery, untamed velocipede."

The ladies sprang from it in dismay.

"We are quite as wise, now," said Georgie: "as if you had told us that it was a ring-tailed monkey."

"What is a velocipede?" said Mrs. Lot, in her usual matter-of-fact way.

"A velocipede, my dear," said I: "is a two-wheeled donkey that doesn't eat."

"Then it differs from you," said she.

"Eh?" said I.

"Why, you said it didn't eat," explained she.

"There, Mr. Lot," said Georgie: "joking aside, what is a velocipede?"

"Well," said I: "a velocipede is a very uncomfortable substitute for a horse. They fasten two wheels by a cross-bar, and you—no, I don't mean you—I straddle the creature, exert the muscles in my legs, and off she goes."

"Why, that's real fun," said Georgie: "Can't you try it now?"

"No," said I: "but, if it should not snow during the night, I'll experiment with it in the back yard in the morning, and will invite you all out to see the performance."

"Are you sure you can ride it?" asked she.

"Of course I can," said I: "I've no doubt it's easy enough. It has been done, and what man has done, man can do."

"Is it a new affair?" asked Georgie.

"New to the present generation," said I: "but otherwise as old as the hills. The chariots of which Homer speaks in the Iliad were, no doubt, velocipedes; Xenophon, beyond question, rode one when he aided the retreat of the ten thousand; when Boadicea went out into the sea to meet Caesar's conquering legions, doubtless she straddled a velocipede; Bonaparte must have used one when he crossed the Alps; and it is almost historical that Wellington was mounted on one of them when he exclaimed: 'Up, guards, and at them!'

"That's all nonsense, said Georgie.

"Not at all," said I: "when anything strange is brought forward, don't we always hear learned pundits and erudite monstrosities explain that it is as old as the race, and don't we hear them exclaim, in a lachrymose tone, 'Ah, there's nothing new under the sun?' When I invented my new whip, what did Brown, the harness-maker, say to me?"

"Really I don't know," said Georgie, gaping slightly.

"He said," continued I: "that it was as old as creation; that Cain had whipped his top with just such an instrument. When I sent the plans of my new hay-fork to the patent-office, the proprietor of that establishment sent me word that a precisely similar fork had been patented in the year 1800. Really there is nothing new, and you will find that my statements with regard to the velocipede are not as far out of the way as they might be."

"Anyhow we'll see you mount it in the morning," said Mrs. Lot: "and now we'll go to dinner."

As I knew it was an useless task to endeavor to make that woman like my lectures, I followed her silently to the dining-room.

After dinner the velocipede was removed from its covering, and, after being duly admired, was placed in the hall.

"But, really, Mr. Lot, is it an old invention?" asked Georgie.

"My dear Georgie," said I: "did you ever hear of Young Lochinvar?"

"Of course," said she.

"Well," continued I: "allow me to recall to your mind the story of Young Lochinvar."

Then I recited as follows:

#### A NEW LOCHINVAR.

Oh, where is the hero like Young Lochinvar,  
When he is a-straddle his velocipede bar?  
He rolls o'er the ground like a centaur of old,  
For his hand it is strong and his heart it is bold!

He mounts his wild war-horse, a velocipede bar,  
He sallies forth gaily and he travels a-far;  
He travels to Harlem, that bright land of the free,  
He travels to Harlem his fair charmer to see.

Oh! her pa is unwilling, her ma is adverse,  
Her brother is ugly, her sister is worse;  
But what recks a hero like Young Lochinvar,  
While he is a-straddle his velocipede bar?

He seizes the maiden. What hero e'er failed  
To seize on the maiden when the farm was entailed?  
When his arm's round her waist Lochinvar doesn't wait,  
But they mount the velocipede outside the gate.

Then gaily they start with a parson in view,  
The old man and old woman them quickly pursue;  
The velocipede smashes, too weak are the wheels,  
And the maid and her lover then take to their heels.

Oh! where is the hero like Young Lochinvar,  
When he is a-straddle his velocipede bar?  
He has married his charmer, he's seized on the farm,  
Her ma's in the almshouse, but where is the harm?

Georgie laughed heartily, and Mrs. Lot laughed sarcastically. Now, if there is one thing which I particularly dislike, it is to hear a woman laugh at a pathetic and sentimental story. It shows that her disposition has been hardened by constant struggles with bonnets, cloaks, gored dresses and finery. Naturally, therefore, when my hearers laughed at the mournful story of young Lochinvar, I became sulky; and, though Georgie tried to inveigle me into further disclosures with regard to velocipedes, I declined to be interviewed. I resolved that I would allow them to muddle their brains and worry their tempers over a discussion of Mrs. A.'s new bonnet, Mrs. B.'s new sacque, Mrs. C.'s new etc., etc. The worst of it was that they seemed to enjoy their conversation amazingly.

In the morning I rose tolerably early, and placed my velocipede on the back piazza. After breakfast, we all sallied out into the back-yard, and I at once proceeded to show off the beauties of my new animal. Before I started, however, I pointed out to my women-folk all the beauties of the new beast, and listened calmly to their exclamations of delight. After they had exhausted their supply of expressions of admiration, I mounted the beast and endeavored to start it. I placed both feet on the pedals, and tumbled head-over-heels over the machine quite promptly. Georgie and Mrs. Lot seemed to think that I was endeavoring to amuse them, and they laughed uproariously. It struck me as strange that I could manage a velocipede in a school and not in a back-yard. However, I picked myself up and straddled the animal once more. On this occasion I kept one foot on the ground until I had started the thing nicely; then I placed that foot on the pedal, and over we went, just as if that were part of the performance.

"You know," said Mrs. Lot: "what man has done, man can do."

"Yes," said Georgie, demurely: "and you know that Xenophon rode one of those creatures."

That is always the way with women, they will hit a man when he is down.

You may teach, you may preach,  
You may scold, if you will;  
But that little weakness  
Will hang round them still.

I know of a case in point in our neighborhood. There is a man living on our block who generally is the head of his house; but sometimes he will come home inebriated, and then doesn't he catch it? How his wife's tongue does run on those occasions! She jumps right into the unmentionables, and how she does rear and tear and fling herself around in them! Really I think that she must tear two or three pairs of those useful articles into tatters every time he goes over the bay.

Spurred on by the taunts of my women-folk, I mounted the beast once more, ran it about four feet, collided with the fence, and gracefully deposited myself via the back wheel on the pavement. I got up, filled with bruises outwardly, and with disgust inwardly.

"My dear," said I to the partner of my sorrows: "I must have overestimated my abilities, or else the weather is unfavorable."

"Pooh!" said she: "I'll try it. I guess I can ride it."

"But, my dear," said I—

"There's no but at all," said she: "and I shall try it. Didn't you say that Boadicea rode one?"

Thus do my amusing inventions return to vex me.

Mrs. Lot straddled the velocipede, placed her left foot on the machine, and shoved herself along with her right foot. After a moment she placed her right foot on the pedal, and over she and the machine went. Such a sight you

never saw. Such a mixture of wheels, dresses, skirts, velocipede pedals, and human extremities never before was gazed on. I may add that any observer could have noticed how Mrs. Lot fastens her stockings. I rushed to Mrs. Lot and picked her up.

"My dear," said I, quite cheerfully: "you rode very well for a beginner."

"Bah!" said she: "why don't you laugh out?"

"But, my dear, I don't want to laugh. Besides, everybody in the neighborhood, as you may observe, is doing that."

"You're a wretch," said she: "help me into the house."

I helped her into the house, and then stowed the velocipede away in the wood-shed, where it remains to this day. I have had enough of it; Mrs. Lot has had enough of it; and I don't believe that Georgie cares to try it. I sincerely hope, however, that when they invent a new riding machine, they'll conjure out one which can stand on its own legs, or wheels, or whatever its extremities may be.

I HAD some snipe on toast in Harrisburg. I saw on a bill-of-fare: "Snipe on toast, sixty cents." Snipe on toast would be almost too healthy food to feed people who had been floating on a raft three weeks, feeding on boot-legs. Says I to the waiter: "Give me some snipe on toast." By-and-by he came in and put down some toast, and I kept on reading. I sat there an hour. Then I rang the gong. The waiter entered, and says I: "Where the deuce is my meat?" Says he: "They've been on the table an hour." Says I: "I didn't order plain toast; I want a snipe on it." Says he: "There is a snipe on it." Then I drew close up to the table, and I saw a black speck on the toast, and I says: "You'll swear that's a snipe?" Says he: "Yes." Says I: "You would make a good linen-buyer, you would." Says he: "It's a snipe on toast, anyway." Says I: "How did it get on it?" Says he: "That snipe's all right; it's a full-sized one, too." Says I: "I'm glad you told me that's a full-sized snipe; for, do you know, young man, when I sat out there reading, I saw a black speck on that toast, but I took it for a fly, and I'm glad to be informed it's a snipe. Now, you may take that snipe away, and bring me a turkey on toast: and I want a full-sized turkey, too." I ain't hankering after snipe since that episode. I could have blown that snipe through a putty-blower without hurting the snipe or the putty-blower, either. Snipe on toast may be game, but it's a mean game.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

KEITH is undoubtedly an artist of some pretensions—pretensions is the word—but when he endeavors to work off on our unsuspecting bonanzaites a picture entitled "Caesar's Family," in which he represents that Roman celebrity in a dressing-gown and carpet slippers, rocking the cradle with one hand, while he holds a meerschaum in the other, and whistles an accompaniment to his wife's performance on an accordion—why, the time has come to hold up the condition of this painter's historical information to the gaze of a heartless world.—*San Francisco Post*.

IF A woman can't take her parasol to heaven when she dies, she won't be happy there. She will come back after it.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

#### GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West,  
For children thrive, and mothers rest,  
The darling girls all named Victoria,  
And, with the boys, they have CASTORIA.  
It is a fact, there is no "maybe,"  
A mother's milk can't save the baby,  
While sweet CASTORIA digests their food,  
Gives them health and makes them good.

## PUCK.

## LEFT!

Autumn has come. I roam the wood and sigh,  
I look adown the glades with aching heart,  
Alone I tread the paths we trod - ah, why,  
My dear one, hast thou flown? Why did we part?

My love, with shy blue eyes and diamond rings,  
With sweet red lips and robes from Worth,  
And bangles? Hang it all! The thought now brings

A gnawing pain, a sharp, regretful pang,  
To my fond soul, when I reflect that thou  
Wast daughter of a millionaire, and yet,  
My buggy and my smiles and flowers (how I squandered money!) all failed to beget  
An answering flame. Woe that I shook for thee!

My last year's girl. The day is cold for me.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WHEN the FIRST COOL CHILLNESS of the FALL develops, NOTHING can give more comfort than a HOT DRINK made from the Genuine Brown's Ginger, a teaspoonful or two with a few lumps of sugar and a half a pint of boiling water. It causes the skin to act, and strengthens and comforts.

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IT IS ASTONISHING how many people calmly continue to take their lives in their mouths, so to speak, and attempt to masticate the California restaurant steak of the period. Last Thursday George Flanagan choked himself to death up at Sacramento with what the coroner's jury, with playful sarcasm, called "a tenderloin." It is just possible that Patrick intended suicide, and had just two bits in his pocket. Why he did not endeavor to earn an honest meal by coming down here and voting the Democratic ticket is hard to understand. All the same, however, a California "tenderloin" is about as cheap and sure a means of suicide as one could very well desire, while a sirloin is certain death. One bolt, and all is over.—*San Francisco Post.*

FAME OF CITIES: "Good gracious," asked the professional: "why do you, a prosperous business man, the father of a family and the main stay of a church, deliberately come to me and want to learn all the tricks of poker playing? Do you mean coolly to throw away your respectability and become a gambler?" "No," said the merchant: "no, I don't mean to become a gambler; but I'm going to visit Louisville, and I'd as soon go to Texas without a pistol as to Louisville without the knowledge of poker."—*Boston Post.*

SOME one recommends pouring a gill of whiskey in the shoes at morning and noon as a cure for malarial fever. The difficulty with the remedy is that many persons can't stoop so low when they have a gill of whiskey in their hands.—*Norristown Herald.*

THIS is a beautiful language of ours. Ben Hogan, the retired pugilist, who has turned preacher, is spoken of as the ex-pounder of the prize ring and the expounder of the gospel.—*Phil. Chronicle-Herald.*

THEY fined a Denver man \$25 the other day for carrying a revolver. Since it got its new opera house, Denver is becoming too civilized for anything.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A MAN named Bible has been nominated for office in Pennsylvania. That name in politics sounds like a revised edition.—*Phil. Chronicle-Herald.*

**Angostura Bitters** were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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Y WAWR.—GAN WATCYN WYN.  
Y Wawr deg! Aurora dydd—dduwies hardd,  
Ei swyn wrida'r cyfddydd;  
Eiliw rhos mewn gwawl a rydd  
Ar wyneb yr wybrenydd.

Boreu gwyd i'r wybr, a'i gwen—wyleiddiol  
Gywilyddia'r seren;  
Ei hieuanc wynab llawen  
Ar unwaithl wna'r ser yn hen.

O'i golwg llednais gilian—i oesol  
Wagle asur ffaon,  
O un i un yno ant,  
Yn y gwagle pell ymgollant.

Hithau y wawr dlos weithian—yn ei gwisg  
Wen, o lys yr huan,  
O ddu wyll nos ddaw allan,  
I hoeddi dydd ar sed dan.

—Unknown Exchange.

IT is easy enough to win a husband. Most any attractive little dumpling, with a bright eye and a coaxing voice, can gather in a noble husband; but it is pretty difficult to retain him. Noble husbands are thicker than hair on a dog, but the grand difficulty is to draw out their true nobility and secure it at home.

If the wife only understands her business she can introduce the soothing racket in her new field of operations and walk away with the whole business. Most men like to be loved and soothed. There is something in the man's great, rough, earnest nature that can be won quicker and easier with gentleness and pie than by the logic of a broom-handle and a bilious course of reasoning with bread-and-milk diet.

We have seen a girl, who understood her business, take a reformed road-agent by the nose, so to speak, and lead him through life in such a way that he wouldn't know but he was boss of the ranch. So perfect was the delusion, that when she asked him to bring in a scuttle of coal, or get up in his night-shirt and kill a burglar that he knew was nothing but a bobtailed cow four blocks away, he always went, and he felt as though he counted it a mark of special favor that a poor unworthy worm of the dust like him should be sought out and delegated to go and chase a lame cow across nine vacant lots with an old barrel-stave, and clothed in nothing but a little brief authority and a knit undershirt.

We cannot exactly describe this magic power of a devoted wife over her husband, and we do not intend to try it. It is an unseen motive, a nameless leverage that makes the husband get up in the dead hour of the night and set the pancake batter near the parlor stove.

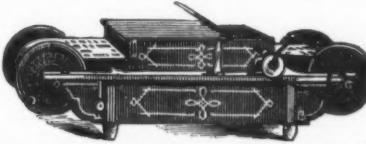
A man need not think that because he gets up and looks for burglars in the night, and is otherwise obedient, that it is because he has no backbone.

It is simply because he is the husband of a woman of whom he ought to be proud.—Boomerang.

He came home late the other night, and his wife woke up and found him with a burning match, trying to light the faucet over the marble basin in his dressing-room. "James," she said: "that is not the gas-burner." "I know it now, my love," he replied, unsteadily: "fact is, I've been overworked, and that's reason made mistake." "Yes, you look as if you had been lifting a good deal," she quietly answered, as she returned to her pillow.—Boston Courier.

[Logansport (Ind.) Daily Journal.]  
I sell more of St. Jacobs Oil remarked Mr. D. E. Pryor, 112 E. Broadway, to our reporter, than of any other article of its kind, and I consider it the best liniment in use. It has to my own knowledge cured severe cases of rheumatism in this community.

FICTION is the name of a new venture, edited and published by the PUCK family. It is devoted exclusively to stories of a purely original character, and already gives encouraging promise of success. It is edited with marked ability.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

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**A CIVIL WAR.**

When man and wife engage in strife,  
How mournful is the sight;  
And when hard blows succeed hard words,  
How wretched is their plight.

A scene like this, the other night,  
Disgraced a certain house;  
An irate husband sought to give  
Chastisement to his spouse.

But she opposed her lord's attempt,  
And with a good stout broom  
She quickly hit him on the head  
A sounding "crack of doom."

She flung him down upon the floor,  
Where he did loudly groan,  
And then, like Queen Victoria,  
She sat upon the thrown.

His head upon the oaken boards  
Unsparingly she jammed;  
He went into the fight a lion,  
But he came out strangely "lamb'd."

—Eliot Ryder, in Boston Star.

"DON'T contradict me," said the stern parent. "You have been holding secret interviews with Charles Mousterrat de Montmorenci." He was a proud but fashionable tailor, and not to be trifled with.

"How did you find it out?" sobbed the daughter. "You never saw us."

"No, I never saw you," he returned, indignantly: "but my faithful Bruno came running to me this very evening with a mouthful of cloth. I recognized the pattern at once. I cut the piece to make a pair of pants for young Montmorenci two months ago, and he hasn't paid for them yet."

All she answered was: "Father, dear, it's too awfully too too," and she fell like a little faded flower at his feet.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

PROF. RIDDLE has resigned his position in Harvard College, and will star in "Edipus Tyrannus" this season; he to speak in Greek, and the rest of his company in English. If Mr. Riddle thinks he can circumvent the newspaper critic by acting in Greek, he wants to disabuse his mind of that ridiculous notion right away. A great many plays are all "Greek" to the critic, but he criticizes them all the same—and pretty often without going near the theatre where they are produced. A critic who can't write a criticism of a play without seeing it—or without understanding it when he does see it—has mistaken his calling.—*Norristown Herald*.

[Tere Haute Saturday Evening Mail.]

Mr. George Knoehr after having tried all remedies recommended to him for Rheumatism, received no relief until he tried the St. Jacobs Oil, the first application of which gave him relief, and the continued use cured him.

The new story paper, FICTION, the second number of which has just been issued, looks neat and bright, and is having a large sale. FICTION is a new departure from the stereotyped story paper and will undoubtedly prove a great success. —*New York Express*.

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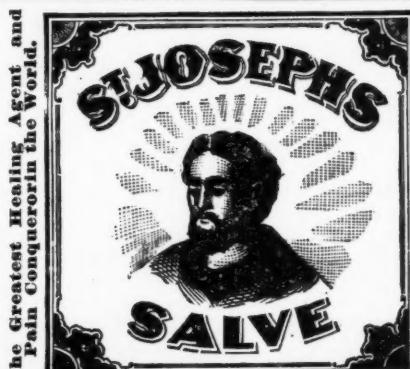
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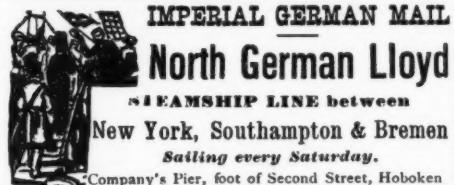
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As you predicted, if with better light  
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Squaring with sense and with the facts as they  
By the autopsy were revealed to sight.  
Oh, yes, you clearly could have seen, no doubt,  
That your illustrious patient would pull  
through  
(Unless, indeed, his constitution failed him)  
If accident would kindly help him out,  
Despite your treatment of the case, and you  
Had been so lucky as to know what ailed  
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